

T H E
Adventures, Voyages, and Travels,
O F
Two famous CANDIDATES,
In Search of Discoveries towards the North Pole.

(To the Tune of Wilkes's Wriggle.)

SOME time ago, as hear you shall,
Some of our jolly freemen
Did send for Ph—ps and D-l-v-l,
For they did want to see them:
Our Doctor's matchless eloquence
Inform'd them we were undone;
The letter thus fill'd full of sense,
They sent express to London.

Just as the letter they receiv'd,
Ph—ps had got one to think on,
Desiring he'd not be deceiv'd,
They'd done with him at Lincoln;
Says D-l-v-l I've got some news,
Requires a speedy answer,
Here take it and the same peruse,
And then say what you can, sir.

Ph—ps being in a merry mood,
Cry'd, *damn your eyes*, let's go down,
Our chance you see is very good,
The like we have in no town;
Such numbers have the letter sign'd,
Of Doctors, Captains, Glaziers,
And Crispins sons also combin'd,
With Butchers and with Braziers.

What tho' I once miscarried,
And miss'd my port, you know, sir,
As tow'rs the pole I hurried,
And lost my masts and hawser;
Yet once again I will explore,
Your cold benumbed region,
You see we've friends enough in store,
At least a Roman legion.

We've nought to do but to upbraid,
Their Magistrates and members,
And if the fire of freedom's laid,
We must rake up the embers;
Talk much of arbitrary power,
And bid them now knock under;
Tell them resistance to this hour,
Has made them England's wonder.

Your smoother face and milder note,
Plant at the Weavers, Taylors,
Whilst I will strive with raven throat,
To win the Butchers, Sailors.
I know the language them will suit,
I must not mince the matter;
But *dam your eyes and limbs to boot*,
And all in pow'r bespatter.

The plan thus settled, strait they sent,
A letter to inform us,
That they'd be down with full intent,
Directly for to storm us:
Our Committee did all agree,
Expecting it would spur 'em,
And fill their hearts with mickle glee,
To meet them far as Durham.

Post chaise was ordered with speed,
For our most noble chairman,
And he set off with pomp indeed,
O lud he is a rare man;

Smith, Adamson, and Maude also;
But what caus'd all the laughter,
George P--rk--r footman-like did go,
And Bob Moore follow'd after.

At Gatehead turnpike gate arriv'd,
Midst heaps of lads and lasses,
The horses and the men who driv'd,
Gave up their place to asses;
Which being harness'd, and put to,
They gave three bray's most frightful,
Then drew the carriage, you must know,
A scene to some delightful.

The Gatehead bells did sweetly ring,
And great guns too were fired,
Of Taylor Hansell's praise let's sing,
He ought to be admired.
A flag upon the church he hung,
And five-and-forty tapers
He lighted up, and roar'd and sung
Of Phipps, and cutted capers.

Arriv'd at last at the Black Bull,
The committee attended;
The streets, and rooms, and all were full,
So much they were befriended.
The candidates did speechify,
The mob around assembled,
Like asses bray'd, and some did cry,
Until the Earth it trembled.

Next day unto the Surgeons hall,
Most gallantly arrayed,
They march'd away both great and small,
Where Gibson he essayed,
To speak I mean, yet nothing said,
But T-z—ck to assist him,
Arose, and a fine speech he made,
Or G-bf—n had bepiss'd him.

From hence they went to several more,
And with elab'rate speeches,
Soon as they entered the door,
They suck'd their blood like leeches;
To those who promised their votes,
They vow'd they wou'd reward 'em,
But all who would not as turncoats,
They'd damn and not regard 'em.

As thro' the street they took their way,
What Gentlemen, and 'Squires,
Attended on them thou'd I say,
You'd call me forty liars,
But White walk'd first, he had no fear,
The next was Dicky Swarley,
And George G-th-e drove up the rear,
With *Ken ye Alice Marley*.

From Gatehead canvas they return'd,
But rather were unsteady,
The liquor had their stomachs burn'd,
They swore 'twas cursed heady;
With each supports they march'd along,
The crowd did laugh and giggle,
And some there were who sung a song,
To th' tune of Wilkes's Wriggle.

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